Scanned by
BSL
Gorgon776

Northern Messenger

Rates Inside | MONTREAL, FEBRUARY 2, 1940. | 77th Year.

White Boy

By L. E. Eubanks

For the Messenger

UNEASILY Fred Huxley wandered slowly down to the shore of "his" island. As one of the picturesque San Juan group, this island, like its numerous neighbors, had a name commemorating some long-dead Indian chief or a Portuguese navigator, but Fred, having been born and raised on this particular bit of land, had from his earliest memory called it his island.

The seine was out, and no doubt a good catch of fish awaited his action, but his father had instructed Fred not to bring in the catch alone. Reports had come in that several devilfish were close inshore and Mr. Huxley considered the octopus highly dangerous.

But the foxes were hungry; fish constituted their principal food, and Mr. Huxley was being detained in Everett, where he had gone on business, longer than he had anticipated. Fred and his mother though they were familiar with many of the emergencies that arise on a fox farm, were puzzled as to the best action now.

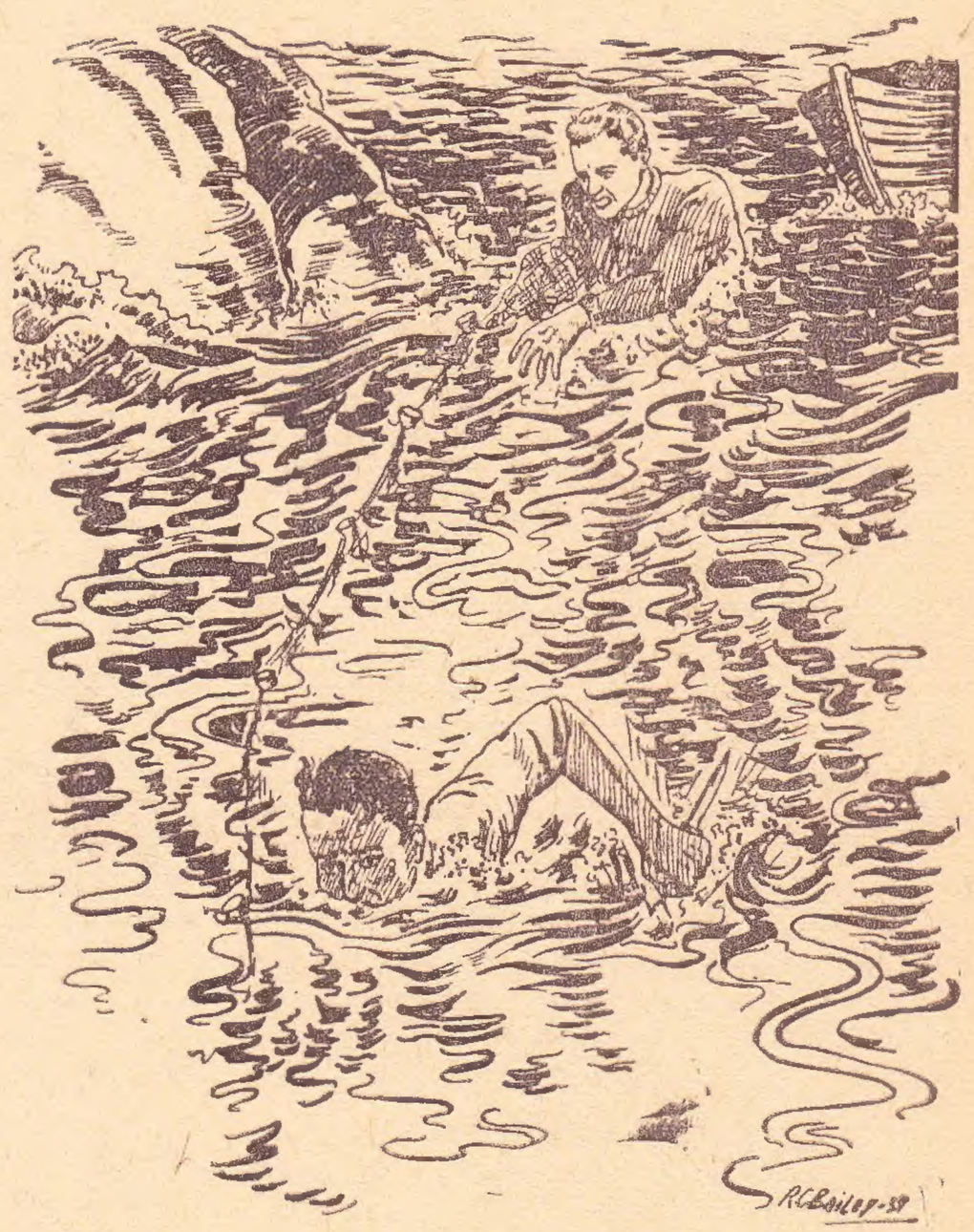
It was evening. Shadows were settling over Puget Sound. A reddish glare on the sky off to the left, caused by sawdust burners at mills, marked the little city of Everett—and deepened Fred's despondency, as he thought of his father's absence. Nearer, across a wide bay, were the lights of Bellingham. All about were the dim, shadowy islands, most of them small, a few rather large, and inhabited.

Fred had turned from the water and was starting home, when he saw a boy approaching. It was Tom, son of the old Chinook Indian who had been employed for several years by a Seattle salmon-packing firm to care for its fishing interests on the island. In a way, Fred and Tom were friends. They were about the same age, seventeen, and the only two boys on the island but at times Fred found the other's egotism and his ridicule of "the white man's beliefs" hard to endure.

Tom had gone to school, spoke good English when he cared to, and was by no means a dull boy. But at heart he was entirely an Indian, adhering to his father's beliefs. He envied Fred only one thing—size and strength; the white boy, though only seventeen, was a man in size, with muscles of extraordinary girth and power.

"I thought I'd find you down here," Tom greeted; "but you're still afraid to bring in the seine—no nerve."

"Yes," admitted Fred; "I'm still afraid of an octopus; and you would be if you had any judgment, any discretion. It's foolish to take any such risks if they can be avoided."



"Devilfish!" screamed Tom, struggling with all his strength.

"Indian boy Tom not afraid," boasted the other, dropping into his father's manner of speech—"devilfish run from red man."

"Usually they do avoid a person," Fred granted; "but it is not very uncommon for them to attack. What could you do in the arms of an octopus?"

"I always have this." He tapped his knife-hilt. "But it isn't a matter of fight; there probably isn't any devilfish near here, and if there was he wouldn't attack a man. What amuses me is *your* fear, after the way you talk about the accomplishments of white men, and so on. They must have been made of tougher stuff than you. And that yarn you tell of 'Daniel in the lions' den'—it'd take an Indian to do a thing like that!"

Much of this talk was intended to irritate Fred, but the white boy had heard it before. "Your doubts of Christianity and the Bible are merely your own misfortune," he said calmly—"and a man's nerve doesn't depend on the color of his skin."

"You believe in an all-protecting God," sneered Tom; "but you're afraid of an octopus!"

"But that hangs together!" explained Fred. "As I have told you before, God protects people in the right, but it is not right to take foolish and needless risks with our lives. We do not have to risk the octopus; if we did, then I'd rely on God's help—doing all I could, too, for myself."

"A fellow with your muscle would rely on himself if he had an Indian's nerve and courage," answered Tom. "I'm not as strong as you but——"

"Let's not talk of it any more now," begged Fred; "we've gone over it all before. Let's study out some way to—I wonder if your father would help us tomorrow; then we might be able to bring the net in without getting out of

(Please turn to Page 12.)

THE FINDING OF LOST MINE

HEA.

BY Anna C. Chamberlain

(Written for the Messenger.)

READERS HAVE MET

PETE, eldest son of a soldier's family, who find it hard to make a living on their grandfather's farm "with father at the front and the money from the Government slow in coming."

ROLLIE, aged 12, the younger brother; **MOTHER** and **SISTERS** and **UNCLE JED**, who tells how their grandfather's mine was lost in a cave-in.

RICHARD JOHNSON, miner. He claims to be a brother of old **NICK JOHNSON**, whose savings, together with the boys' grandfather's fortune are buried in Lost Mine.

LAWYER FULLER whom Rollie and Uncle Jed consult when the boys discover the buried treasure. While Rollie and his uncle are away, the miners capture Pete and leave him tied and gagged in the old mine. Jack, the dog, helps Rollie to rescue his brother. The next ordeal is the court case, which proves beyond a doubt that the money is legally theirs. But now they are besieged by bills, and people demanding money on all kinds of pretences. Added to this is the anxiety about their father, from whom they have not heard for three months.

ROLLIE tells the story.

THE afternoon mail brought several more bills, one of them for a debt of Grandpa's. Two more of these were sent in by messengers the next morning and another man called to collect a debt for several hundred posts delivered the summer before. When Uncle Jed pressed him hard to tell when and where the posts were brought, the man said he would not push the matter if we were people who were not willing to pay their honest debts. Then he turned and walked off.

All the rest threatened legal proceedings at once. It began to look as if it might take all the treasure to satisfy this gang of sharpers.

"There is only one thing to do," I said when I saw how hard mother was taking this persecution, "and that is to go and see Mr. Fuller."

"The very thing," agreed Uncle Jed. "You drive your ma over to Mill Town this afternoon, Rollie, Pete wants to finish measuring distances in the mine. Take the sassy letters and everything. Mr. Fuller will soon quiet those fellows."

The kind lawyer certainly seemed willing to try when Mother told him of the new trouble which began with the rumor of our good fortune.

"Leave it all to me," he said right away, looking pityingly at her worried face. "I'll soon settle these rescals who are trying to collect from an estate which I myself have settled. As for the rest they will quiet down when I tell them that all honest debts will be settled in due time. They can't compel us to pay without checking up."

We were getting worried about Father. For it was three months yesterday since we received the last letter and Mother looked whiter than ever when I came out of the Post Office that day shaking my head. I had made Jimmie Brice go over the letters three times that day, to make extra sure, and he fairly snapped as he finished the last time, and said: "Nothing at all."

"I can't think what can have happened," said Mother when we had driven the whole two miles without a word and were turning into our always open front gate.

"Lots of things, Ma," I said, helping her out of the buggy real carefully to show how sorry I was; "He might have a lot to do just now, or—or maybe—perhaps—he's right busy."

Mother did not even stop to poke fun at my foolish way of talking, which showed plainly how badly she was feeling and, as I drove old Fan on down to the barn, I was about as blue as I ever thought I could be.

When I got back to the house and found old Pete huddled over the dining room stove, I saw right away that he wasn't much better; and for a little while we sat there together without saying a word.

"One of us must go and find out about him," he muttered by and by, and I knew without asking he meant Father and the War Department, but not being able to answer just then, I only nodded.

Before he could say anything more, I heard the sound of a horse cantering up the driveway and, thinking that anything unusual might bring the news we hoped for, we were both out on the front porch when the driver drew up his horse.

It was one of the Milltown boys and he carried a letter to Pete from the young telegraph operator at the station.

It read:

"There is a telegram here for you from the War Dept. You can have the same on payment of $25 for transmission fees and five dollars for delivery."

Think of that, when the Government always prepays its messages and the going price for delivering anything of the sort from Milltown had always been one dollar.

"Tell the fellow I will pay him the fee," says Pete, crumpling the letter tight in his hand, he was so mad, "because we have a father at the front and we've got to know about him. And I'll give him something else, too,—later—the best walloping he ever stood up to."

Perhaps the boy thought from Pete's looks that he might be handing out his gifts right then and there. At any rate, he dug his toes in the horse's ribs and set him to loping down toward the front gate, letting out a yell which served to hurry the beast and brought Mother to the door on the run.

"Just one of the Milltown boys," said Pete in answer to her questioning look. And then he began kicking my toes, pretending I was in his way; but I knew it was to keep from telling anything about the telegram.

"No news from Father?" asked Mother beseechingly, and Pete answered promptly:

"Not a word," which was true enough in a way; but I hated myself that I could not tell her anything as she looked from one to the other of us in such a pitiful way.

Perhaps our faces showed that there was something which we were trying to hide, for Uncle Jed cut in as if he wanted to make it easier for us.

"If those Milltown boys are trying to get you two into a shooting match," he said, "just you leave the thing alone. They don't play fair. If it's a rabbit hunt, it's all right. A little game would taste fine."

"I believe I'll go," exclaimed Pete, seizing on any excuse to get to the station for that telegram.

"I'll go with you," I put in, thinking that if Pete started in to punish the telegraph operator there ought to be one of us disengaged to bring home the message. . . .

"All right," answered Pete. But I could see just by the way he set his cap sideways on his head that he meant to shake me off at the barn and lope off on Fan to the station.

"Hossie, nice hossie," prattled Janie, toddling up to Pete.

"Sure thing, girlie," answered Pete, thinking the little tot had in some way understood that we were going to get Fan.

But Janie was pointing out of the window, and, looking past the end of her tiny finger, we saw what in our talk we had been too busy to hear, a team of horses out in front. They were

(Please Turn to Page 8.)

The Player From Elmdale

by GORDON PHILIP ENGLAND

ALEX shrugged.

"Oh, all right," he returned, "but, in any case, that doesn't alter one fact. The fact that I heard George Warren tell Carter that he hoped Elmdale would win the cup. You can't get around that!"

There was a brief, thoughtful silence. During that eloquent pause, the other members of the Silver Lake squad pondered over Alex's grave accusation against the most popular player on the team. Of course, any stranger who did not know Alex well might have suspected that he had made up the story out of the whole cloth because of jealousy—for hadn't he been forced to give up his former position as goalkeeper to the newcomer? But, if such a thought entered any of the players' minds, that theory was instantly discounted as too fantastic. For, as all knew, Alex wasn't that kind of a fellow. There wasn't a mean, jealous bone in his whole body—and he was intensely and passionately devoted to the team. You could not ask for a more unselfish player, either. Alex didn't mind loss of glory for himself—if the squad as a whole could gain glory. No—Alex would be the last fellow to trump up false charges against a team mate.

Realizing that, the boys knew that the defenceman had not made the charge against George without grounds. And where there was smoke, there might be fire. After all, could they be certain that George was above suspicion? To be sure, up until now he had seemed an exceptionally worthwhile addition to the team, and had quickly become a favourite with players and fans alike. Still, the fact remained that he had not lived at Silver Lake more than a few months, and there was an old saying that you must summer and winter with anyone to get to know them thoroughly. Of those in the room, Tom had been most in George's company. The two had soon become very good chums. But, did even Tom really know George?

Tom felt that he did. He told himself, almost fiercely, that he would stake anything on Granite Wall's loyalty. And yet—

Hiram Wodard, who had not yet given an opinion, asked suddenly:

"If you're so sure that you heard George tell Carter that, Alex, why didn't you face him with it then? Why wait until he'd gone home?"

Tom nodded agreement.

"Yes, Hiram's right. Seems to me it would have been more sporting to have given him a chance to try to clear himself. Why go behind his back?"

Alex reddened.

"Well," he defended, "at first I was too surprised to say anything. Why, fellows, I was simply flabbergasted! And afterwards—well, it would have been just my word against his, so he would probably have denied it all, anyhow. So I though we'd better talk it over quietly by ourselves before taking any further action."

They thought that over. Tom shook his head.

"No," he decided, "we can't do anything like that. As I see it, there's only one thing to do. It's too late to go up to George's tonight, but I'll skate up there tomorrow morning. And, you'll come with me, Alex. You fellows made me manager of this hockey squad, and as long as I manage it every player will be given a fair deal, without fear or favoritism. I honestly don't believe that George is a traitor, but if Alex can prove that he is I'll put him off the squad immediately. But, if George satisfies me that he's not, it will then be up to Alex to make an apology. That's fair enough, I think."

They all agreed that nothing could be fairer. The manager's plan met with general approval, although Alex still felt that it would be wiser not to allow George to know he was suspected and to keep watch to see if he would make any atttempt to betray the team. But, when he saw that he was the only one that wished to follow such a course, Alex yielded graciously.

"Oh, very well," he said, "if the rest of you want me to go up there with Tom tomorrow morning, why, I'll do that. And, if George can prove me wrong, I'll be only too glad to apologize."

Meanwhile, blissfully ignorant of what a furore his innocent remark to Dick Carter had created, George was speeding up the lake towards home. Had he known what an effect his words had caused, he would have felt dumfounded.

Not knowing, he was remembering the game in which he had taken so able a part. It had been a grand game—and a hard one. A fair game, too, with fine sportsmanship displayed by both teams and without a single major penalty. Such games made hockey worthwhile.

As he skated on, George calculated his squad's chances of winning the championship and cup. Those chances were decidedly bright. There were six teams in the Forest and Lake League but Coppertown, Red Forest and Mountain View were so far down 'in the cellar' that they were definitely out of the race. That left Silver Lake and Elmdale tied in top place, with Mountain Lake a scant game behind. Each of the three leading teams had four more games scheduled—two against the cellar squads. Unless there was a surprising upset in those games, the odds were high that the deciding game would be between Silver Lake and Elmdale. The final game would be played on Elmdale ice—but, as already mentioned, next week's match would be on home ice.

Hockey, as George well understood, often held surprises. Sometimes an apparently weak team played an inspired game and defeated a supposedly highly superior squad. Twice during that season Red Forest had defeated Silver Lake yet had failed to chalk up a single win against Elmdale. On the other hand, Elmdale had lost three times to Coppertown, which had not won a game from Silver Lake. Well, thought George, according to that reckoning Silver Lake held an advantage now, for she had no more games scheduled with Red Forest and Elmdale had one left to play against Coppertown. So, if Coppertown could score one more win against the powerful Elmdale sextette, the Beavers might only need to take one of her two games with Elmdale in order to win the championship.

"But, of course," George shrewdly warned himself, "we mustn't count too much on that. According to the law of averages, Elmdale is liable to beat Coppertown and we ourselves might lose a game to Coppertown or Mountain View. In that case we'd have to take both games from Elmdale in order to tie her at the end of the regular schedule. And to tie would mean a three games out of five playoff. So, as I see it, we can't gain the cup by working it out on paper. We have to win on the ice!"

Yes, in order to become champions, the Silver Lake team must play like champions all the way through. It must go into every game ready to give its best and determined to win. For, if the squad weakened through over confidence, or if it failed to

maintain its up-to-date admirably co-ordinated teamwork, then goodbye to the championship!

While debating thus, the goalie had been steadily skating up the lake. He had now come about two miles. He was on the right side of the lake, about two hundred yards out from shore.

Silver Lake—from which the town took its name—is a fairly large body of water twelve miles long by about two in width. Except for Silver Lake itself, located at the lower end, there were no town or villages on the lake. A large portion of it was surrounded by dense forest, with a mountain rampart on its northeastern side. On that shore there were no houses nor camps for a distance of seven miles, but, on the other side where George was, there were several farms. In the center of the lake, two miles from the hatchery, lay a small, wooded island. On this stood a rough but solidly constructed camp owned by Tom Evans. Except for an occasional skating party there, the camp was unoccupied in winter.

It was not of the camp that George was thinking now, however, for his gaze was attracted by the gleam of a light from a farmhouse a quarter of a mile farther up the lakeshore. Half a mile farther on, at Gull Point, shone another light.

As he looked at these lights, George's face clouded. In the first house lived the Parkmans—a family of unsavoury local reputation. The father and the mother were accounted as shiftless and dishonest, and the two daughters, Carrie and Mabel, were not much better. Both girls, however, were unusually pretty and in some ways were likeable, so they did not lack for friends. But their influence over some of the other young people in the neighbourhood was not helpful, to say the least.

The second farm was owned by a man named Seth White. Seth, an honest, industrious, well-to-do farmer, was a widower. He lived alone with his one daughter, Rose, an attractive, dark-eyed girl of sixteen. As Mrs. White had died when Rose had been barely out of the cradle, the girl had grown up without a mother's watchful care. And as Seth was a man of violent temper, inclined to be very stern and strict with her, Rose, who was vivacious and full of fun, sometimes secretly rebelled. Lately, she had begun to spend considerable time with the Parkmans, visiting them usually during the day while her father was away at work. George knew that while Seth thought Rose was out for a skate she was often with Carrie and Mabel. As, being very clever at her books, she had graduated from high school the spring before, she now had no studies to occupy her mind. That gave her more opportunities to be with her new chums.

"I wish Rose would keep away from that crowd," reflected George. "Those Parkman girls won't do her any good and are liable to do her harm. Sooner or later Seth will discover what she's doing and then there will be trouble."

George passed the Parkmans' light and skated swiftly on towards Gull Point. All at once he gave an exclamation. For there, not a hundred yards ahead, silhouetted in the moon-

We Are Builders

A builder builded a temple,
He wrought it with grace and skill.
Pillars and groins and arches,
All fashioned to work his will.
Men said as they saw its beauty,
"It shall never know decay;
Great is thy skill, O builder,
Thy fame shall endure for aye."

A teacher builded a temple
With loving, infinite care,
Planning each arch with patience,
Laying each stone with prayer.
None praised her unceasing efforts,
None knew her wondrous plan,
For the temple the teacher builded
Was unseen by the eyes of man.

Gone is the builder's temple,
Crumbled into the dust,
Low lies each stately pillar,
Food for consuming rust.
But the temple the teacher builded,
Will last while the ages roll;
For that beautiful, unseen temple
Is a child's immortal soul.

—Author Unknown.

light, stood the slim, feminine figures of two other skaters.

Suddenly, as George drew nearer, the taller girl turned away and skated back down the shore. As a shaft of revealing moonlight fell full across her face, the goalie recognized her.

It was Carrie Parkman!

Carrie waved and called to George as she passed, but as the wind was against her, and as she was much nearer to the shore, he did not catch her words distinctly. Nor did he wish to talk with Carrie then, so without a backward glance he skated on in the wake of the skater ahead. As he cut down the distance, he hailed her.

Hearing her name called, Rose glanced back. Seeing George, she stopped and waited for him to come up. Quickly he joined her.

"I'm just getting back from the hockey match," Rose told him. "My, what an exciting game! You surely covered yourself with glory, George."

George laughed.

"Covered myself with bruises, you mean," he returned lightly. "It was the other fellows that scored our goals. All I did was to try to keep Mountain Lake from scoring against us. And, at that, it was pretty close. They did get by four times, you know."

"Yes, but if any other goalie in the league had been in your place they'd have scored more," declared Rose with conviction. "It was a lucky day for Silver Lake when you joined the Beavers, George."

But George did not want to discuss the game. He was thinking about something else.

"Wasn't that Carrie Parkman who was with you just now, Rose?" he asked. "I didn't see her at the game."

Rose averted her eyes.

"Yes, it was Carrie. . . . She wasn't at the match. I met her on the lake."

For a moment George was silent. "If I say anything against Carrie, Rose is liable to be offended," he thought. "On the other hand, she and I are good friends and I'm nearly three years older than she is, so maybe she will realize I'm only trying to be helpful. Anyhow, I believe I'll try it.' '

His decision made, he went straight to the point.

"Look here, Rose," he said quietly, "you're too good to mix with that Parkman crowd. I wish you'd quit chumming with them."

Rose stiffened. Her dark eyes flashed angrily.

"See here, George Warren," she exclaimed, "when I want your help in picking my friends I'll tell you! I like Carrie and Mabel Parkman. They're full of fun and are friendly—not stuck-up snobs like some of the Silver Lake girls."

"No need to get mad," returned George coolly. "I suppose, in a way, it's none of my business, Rose. But, we've always been good pals, and I'd hate to see you get in any trouble. I don't suppose your father knows that you're chummy with the Parkmans—and sooner or later he'll be bound to find out. And then there will be a row!"

At mention of her father's name, Rose looked a little frightened.

"You surely wouldn't be mean enough to tell Father, George?" she asked nervously. "I'm just having a little harmless fun, that's all, and I don't intend to go too far. But Father's awfully strict, you know, and he'll be angry if he ever knows."

"Of course I shan't tell him," returned George. "All the same, if you keep on going with the Parkmans, you'll wish you hadn't. You'll just be getting your name down, that's all."

But Rose, reassured by the knowledge that George would not betray her to Seth, had recovered from her momentary fright. And now she became defiant.

(To Be Continued.)

Poor Man's Fortune

By ARTHUR T. RICH

All Rights Reserved.

READERS HAVE MET

DONALD FAIRBAIRN, handsome young Canadian, inheritor of a Poor Man's Fortune from his father, JOHN FAIRBAIRN, whose dying wish is that Donald return to Glasgow, Scotland and make good where his father failed.

ROBERT FAIRBAIRN, Donald's uncle, respected, wealthy Glasgow ship-builder, who is not at all anxious to help his young nephew.

JEAN FAIRBAIRN, Robert's step-daughter. She invites Donald to lunch and tells him of a scheme of hers which may change his whole life.

ARNOLD M'NAIR, tall, handsome, earnest young minister, whose aid Jean's father enlists in winning her back to the church, secretly hoping to make a match between them. Jean asks Arnold to visit her "shelter" for the unemployed, of which Donald is warden.

JOCK CAMPBELL, fiery young Communist has been giving Donald some trouble. Then Donald rescues him from gangsters and saves him from going to jail. Then Jock repays this kindness by warning Jean and Donald that Robert Fairbairn has turned the rougher-class men against them. A riot is started and the "Shelter" is destroyed by fire, Donald and Jean barely escaping. Robert Fairbairn is furious at Donald when he brings Jean home.

ROBERT FAIRBAIRN'S angry words were completely pointless. Donald, feeling more like an ancient knight than ever, had passed on through the open door with Jean to the hall. There he turned ready to face his uncle. He had carried off the fair lady. Now he had to fight the pursuing dragon.

It happened that evening that the Rev. Arnold M'Nair, expecting to find Jean at home, had looked in to consult Robert Fairbairn on a point of Presbytery business. He had been in the drawing-room at the time of Jean's arrival home, and he was standing in the hall now.

His presence was awkward from Fairbairn's point fo view. He longed to order his nephew from the house. But in the presence of his minister he had to walk warily. "Better come into the drawing-room for a minute," he growled ungraciously.

Donald was disappointed also at seeing the presence of the lanky minister, it checked the utterance that was springing to his lips. There was nothing for it, however, but to guide the girl in the direction of the room in which his first interview with Robert Fairbairn had taken place.

Once inside, however, an awkward silence descended upon the group. The minister said, trying to make conversation—the lot of the minister very frequently—"I hope you're not very badly hurt, Miss Fairbairn."

It was like Jean to make light of her injuries. "Not badly. But I'll be glad to get to bed. If it hadn't been for Donald here there wouldn't be any me to go to bed. I'm sure that another minute in that smoke-filled room would have finished me."

There was another silence.

"I think I'll go now, Mr. Fairbairn," the minister said, divining perhaps that his presence was unwelcome. "I'll put your name down then for the subscription you mentioned to the Presbyterial Fund for Socks for Children of Intemperate Fathers—two guineas, I think you said."

Fairbairn growled assent. M'Nair took his leave. He had ignored Donald throughout.

Robert Fairbairn came back to the drawing-room after seeing the minister to the door. Donald faced him squarely. His chance had come. "I'd like to speak to you for a minute," he began.

"Well?" Out shot the chin, deep into the pockets went the hands.

"I've found something out today—something I didn't know before—something that concerns you and me intimately," Donald told him quietly.

Was pomposity a little less self-assured? What meant the sudden fixity of the older man's attention, the sudden recession of chin, the hasty withdrawal of hands from pockets? What meant that passing cloud of fear, which made its way across the listener's countenance?

Jean watching, as on the first morning of the encounter in this room, was puzzled again. What secret concerning Donald's life did Robert Fairbairn hide? What skeleton lay hidden in the cupboard of his mind? Donald noticed the changed attitude too.

The spirit of fear hovered, however, only for a moment. Soon pomposity was saying again, "Well?"

"Pardon my frankness," declared Donald boldly, "but you, indirectly, were responsible for that fire—for the endangering of Jean's life——"

"What?" almost roared Fairbairn, now completely transformed. "I'll have——"

Donald kept himself in hand. "I don't say that you wanted the men to go so far. But ever since that incident at court you've been instilling into the men at your place the ideas that prompted that riot today, which led to the destruction of the Centre. I thought it only right to tell you to your face——"

That face was a study now. It had turned from vivid scarlet to a dull purple. The nostrils were quivering with anger. The eyes were gleaming with hatred. Fairbairn could hardly find his voice. He managed to stutter out, "You—you—impudent, you impudent young scoundrel—I'll—you—you'll regret this—insulting a man in his own house—it's libel—criminal libel — I could have you jailed for this, you puppy!"

Donald, mindful of Jean's request, was unwilling to allow himself to go too far. He said quietly, "We have proof of this. As I say, you were not directly responsible for the trouble, but your interference, your misguided zeal almost cost both of us our lives—it shows you should be more careful in your actions and utterances."

"If you think I'm going to put up with this——" began Fairbairn. Then, suddenly, he seemed to change his mind, to approach the matter from quite another standpoint. "What if I am at the back of it? Your silly Centre is destroyed and your mad scheme is knocked on the head——"

"I thought I'd like to let you know," Donald continued quietly, without noting the change of tone, ignoring the sarcastic sneer of the other, "that although we do not intend to prosecute we know the man responsible for this outrage—"

This was too much for Robert Fairbairn. Donald's calm demeanor as much as his quiet words, had maddened him. Often when a winged shaft hits a man he begins to shout. Fairbairn did now. He clenched his fists, raised his head, allowed the fact to reveal itself that inherently he was a bully, always had been. "If you're not outside of this house in two minutes," he bellowed, "I'll ring up the police. Go along—get out—. And if I ever see you in company with Jean again—wherever it is, mind—I'll make an example of the pair of you. I've had enough of your sneaking, cringing ways. Take your manners back to Canada where they belong. If you think you can walk in here with your cowboy stuff——"

"Father!" remonstrated Jean.

He ignored the pull at his sleeve. "Get along out with you—leave me alone—leave Jean alone. There's too much of your father in you for my liking."

Donald shrugged his shoulders. He could have said a lot more, gone much further, but the thought of Jean quieted him.

"I'm going all right," he said. "No pleasure in staying here—not with you about. But sleep tonight with the thought that a thoughtless word may set not only a disused cinema, but a whole world ablaze. Now I'm going. Good-night, Jean. I'll be seeing you again some time, I hope."

She came forward, distressed. "You can't go like that. After what you've done—"

He took her hand. "Don't upset yourself. Your step-father will be pleased before I've finished maybe to see us together. I'm going to prove to him that——"

Robert Fairbairn came towards him

(Continued on Page 9.)

Northern Messenger

WEEKLY

Founded by John Dougall, 1864

Continuing the Canadian Messenger and Journal of Missions founded by John Dougall, (1855-7). Revived, 1864 as Canadian Messenger, Present title adopted, 1876

Printed and published by

JOHN DOUGALL & SON

(Frederick Eugene Dougall, surviving member of the firm)

at 360 Craig St. W., Montreal, Canada.

A Christian adventure for the whole family the Northern Messenger has for several generations been loved by young and old.

Interdenominational in its sympathies it is *free to serve* all Christians.

Entertaining, informing, inspiring, the heart and purpose of the Messenger is to declare the Gospel of Jesus, the power of God unto Salvation, and its challenge to Christian faith and living.

Subscription Rates Elsewhere
or on application.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS

Contributors of poems and articles who wish their material returned to them in case of rejection are asked to enclose a stamped and addressed envelope.

We cannot pay for Poems.

FEBRUARY 2, 1940.

WORD FOR THE DAY

Sun. : The Lord is on my side, I will not fear.—Ps. 118:6.

Mon. : Who is on the Lord's side?—Ex. 32:26.

Tue. : Thine are we . . . and on thy side. —I Chron. 12:18.

Wed. : The Lord delivered them from their enemies on every side. — Judges 8:34.

Thu. : He hath given us rest on every side. —2 Chron. 14:7.

Fri. : The little hills rejoice on every side. —Psa. 65:12.

Sat. : Cast the net on the right side of the ship.—John 21:6.

There may be times when you cannot find help, but there is no time when you cannot give help.—Ezra.

Enthusiasm is confidence in action.

* * *

A quitter never wins; a winner never quits.

* * *

Well-timed silence is more eloquent than speech.

* * *

Don't dodge difficulties. Meet, greet and beat them.

* * *

Whatever else you do with a worry, never pass it along.

The Only Way Is The Way Of The Cross

The Bishop of Birmingham said that in the last century amazing material progress had been made, but man's moral progress had not kept pace with the inventions which had increased his control over nature. The result had been that such discoveries had been turned to destructive use. We are faced with the possibility of destruction on such a scale as the world has never known.

The only way to save the world was that of the Cross, and we must strive to persuade others to live by Christ's gospel. Then, and not till then, will nations forget jealousies, suspicion, animosity, and fear, and begin to live in harmony.—C.E.N.

The Christian conscience has to be aroused, not merely to the enormity of the liquor traffic, but to the enormity of the sin of doing nothing about the liquor traffic.—John G. Wooley.

Live so that the reckoning day will be sweet.—S. J. B.

The Bible outsold "Mein Kampf" in Germany last year by 200,000 copies.—Bible House, New York.

Your Place

"Just where you stand in the conflict
There is your place,
Just where you think you are useless
Hide not your face.
God placed you there for a purpose
Whate'er it be
Know He has chosen you for it,
Work loyally."

Everything depends on how you regard your work; if to you it is just a means of getting a living, even though you may do it to the best of your ability, there will not be a living, vital, joyous enthusiasm about the way you do it; but if, besides that, you regard it as an opportunity to do service for God —then you'll never be bored; you'll not be so keen on holidays; you will get tired, but you will sleep and be ready in the morning—and you'll know the joy of working.—Methodist Recorder.

No man who is at the mercy of his moods is a free man.—Selected.

"You spoke one day a cheering word
And passed to other duties;
It warmed a heart, new promise stirred,
And painted a life with beauties.
And so for the word and its silent prayer
You'll reap a crown sometime—somewhere."

A Thanksgiving

I will give thanks for being alive.
I will give thanks for all that has happened in my life.
For all the blessings and the happiness and health.
For all the hardships and misfortunes and disasters.
For all my friends and their abundant help and love.
I will give thanks for England.
I will give thanks for Holland and for America, where I have lived.
Above all will I give thanks for the unity in my life, the certainty, the faith.

Lord, I accept thy love, thy guidance and thy strength.
Lord, I go forth to battle.
To battle against my own pride and selfishness and fear.
To battle against England's pride and selfishness and fear.
There is no other way.

Armed with the shield of faith,
Her sin acknowledged.
Trusting in God alone
England will rise again
Victorious,
Humble,
Trusted and loved.

—E. A. B., England.

"If you think you are defeated, then you are."

Quite Simple

Why were the saints, saints? Because they were cheerful when it was difficult to be cheerful, patient when it was difficult to be patient; and because they pushed on when they wanted to stand still, and kept silent when they wanted to talk, and were agreeable when they wanted to be disagreeable. That was all.

It was quite simple and always will be.—Exchange.

"Thy Will Be Done"

OUR Father, Thou art giving us blessings all the time. Help us to be a blessing. Thou givest us these hands of ours: use them as Thine own. Thou givest us these feet: send them on Thine errands. Thou givest us our voices: may they speak only gentleness and truth. Thou givest us this mind that thinks; may it think kind and noble thoughts. Thou hast made our lives pleasant every day with love. We would make other lives brighter with our love. Something to please Thee Father we would learn, some little deed to thank Thee with instead of words. Some prayer to do as well as say. Something to give Thee, Thou who art always giving so much to us. Amen.—'A Book of Song and Service'

Young People's Bible Reading

A Nation on Trial

for Sunday
FEB. 11, 1940.
Matthew 21: 28-43.

by BEREAN

AS we saw last Sunday, our Lord on Monday of Holy Week cleared the Temple courts of their buyers and sellers and restored His Father's House to its true purpose as a house of prayer for all nations and as a place of healing and of teaching. The people rejoiced but the temple authorities were very angry.

Tuesday morning the Lord and His disciples again walked in from Bethany to Jerusalem. On arriving at the temple they were met by the chief priests and elders. Note their question and His answer. (21:23-27)

As usual He showed them that if they were honest they could answer their own question.

John had recognized Jesus as the Messiah (Matt. 3:11-15) and had borne witness to Him. (John 1:29-36) If John were a prophet—there was their answer about the "authority" of Jesus. If he were a pretender—they daren't say that or the people would stone them. (Luke 20:6)

Very lamely they said that they could not tell. Their proud challenge to our Lord's authority had only served to make them ridiculous in the eyes of the people.

THE TWO SONS

JESUS did not permit them to recover from their confusion. "But what think ye?" It was again an appeal to their own inner sense of right and wrong. He tells a story of two sons. When their father asked them to go to work in the vineyard, the first rudely refused but afterwards "repented and went"; the second answered very politely, "I go, sir", but did not go. Jesus asks, "Whether of the twain did the will of his father?" Caught out of themselves in interest in the story they answer quite naturally, "The first."

Then Jesus thrusts home His application.

John came in the way of righteousness.—That is he came as a preacher of the Law, so one might have expected that upholders of the law would have accepted his message.

Instead of that these had held aloof. Those who felt themselves evil and so realized their need had repented and crowded to his baptism.

The same thing has often happened in religious history.

Our Lord does not mean that all "good" people are bad and that all "bad" people are good, and He does not mean that we have to stray away into wickedness before we can learn of God's love and mercy. But there are sins to which "religious" people are specially tempted and He would warn us against them. Pride and fear are universal sins though the "good" may be more greatly tempted by pride and cold selfishness. Temptations come in widely varying forms, but all from the same source of evil.

Before you.—Note how our Lord graciously intimates that the door of repentance is still open to those who had held back from entering.

One great lesson in the parable is that we are called to work with God and for God.

"If we are not *doing* anything to help to make life happier and holier for others, it is no excuse to say we like going to church, or that we wish we were better, or that we admire unselfishness, and think it very lovely. The world is full of sin and trouble and social misery. When you get bigger you will find Temperance and Missionary and Social Service work, and religious work of every kind, waiting to be done. . . . When you see that, it is a call of God to you, 'Son go work in my vineyard'.

"But what can you do in the vineyard now? Learn your lessons well, and thus prepare for future usefulness. Help to make school life and home life pure and unselfish. Be brave enough to stand out against comrades if anything mean, or false, or impure is being said or done. . . . All this is work in God's vineyard. He is so wanting to make a noble, beautiful world, and He likes to let us all help." (Paterson Smyth)

Again before they recover from His rebuke, He says, "Hear another parable." '

THE WICKED HUSBANDMEN

"THE comparison of Israel in the O.T. to a vineyard (or a vine) is common and would be familiar. . . . 'A hedge' or 'fence' as a protection against wild beasts; (cf. Psalm 80:12, etc.) Israel was wonderfully segregated by mountains, by the desert, and by the sea from surrounding peoples of greater power. Its seclusion was at once its safety and its peril." (Box)

"No other nation on earth got such care, and teaching, and help to be religious. Was this because they were special pets and favorites, and that God did not care much for others? . . . Impress on your class that it was *for the sake of all the rest* that the Jews were trained, and that they might preserve and hand down religion through all the world. This is most important. The idea of God's favoritism for some peoples and neglect for others must never be entertained." (Paterson Smyth)

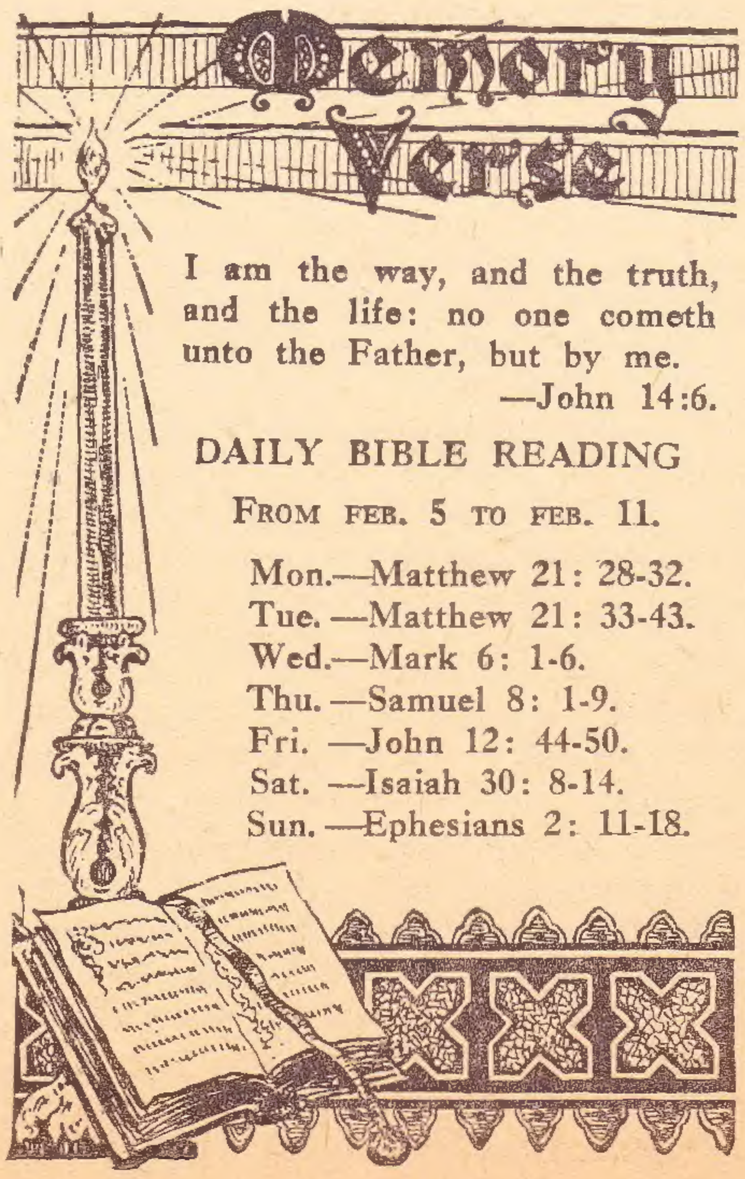
Went into another country.—This does not mean that God really left His people. He is never absent—"is not far from any one of us." God through His Providence had now placed Israel

(Please Turn to Page 8.)

A nation stands or falls with the men she nurtures. The one hope of national greatness, the one form of potent and noble influence is the living man. A country ought to be more jealous of the enemies she breeds at home than of those that threaten her boundaries. —Great Thoughts.

* * *

The kingdom of God begins within, but it is to make itself manifest without. It is to penetrate the feelings, habits, thoughts, words, acts of him who is subject to it. At last it is to penetrate our whole social existence, to mould all things according to its laws. So there will be discovered beneath all the politics of earth, sustaining the order of each country, upholding the charity of each household, a city which has foundations, whose builder and maker is God. — Frederic Denison Maurice.


Memory Verse
I am the way, and the truth, and the life: no one cometh unto the Father, but by me.
—John 14:6.
DAILY BIBLE READING
FROM FEB. 5 TO FEB. 11.
Mon.—Matthew 21: 28-32.
Tue. —Matthew 21: 33-43.
Wed.—Mark 6: 1-6.
Thu. —Samuel 8: 1-9.
Fri. —John 12: 44-50.
Sat. —Isaiah 30: 8-14.
Sun. —Ephesians 2: 11-18.

LOST MINE

(Continued from Page 2.)

hitched to a carriage, a closed carriage, such as you see at funerals, which brought my heart into my throat.

As we looked the carrage door opened and Mr. Fuller stepped out, and the driver springing down beside him, they began to help someone out. Someone who was so weak he could scarcely help himself at all.

"Father! It's Father!" we all cried in one rapturous chorus, and in less than a minute he had no need to help himself, there were so many trying to do it for him.

Mr. Fuller and the driver went on lifting his shoulders, but Pete and I put our arms right underneath and, with Uncle Jed's help, we took Father right off the ground. Mother put a pillow under his head and tried to pretend she was lifting some. Nell came along with a sofa pillow to poke under somewhere, while little Janie reached her hand in among us with little pats as she said in her pitying baby way, "Poor! Poor!"

It was a wonder that we did not fall down, such a scramble as there was; but we got into the sitting room safely and laid Father, now so light and pale, down on the couch where Mother and the girls began to heap pillows all around him.

Pete had slipped out for a minute, perhaps to choke down what he felt at seeing the change in Father, and I stopped in the hall where Mr. Fuller was telling Uncle Jed that Father had been in the field hospital for a long time, which was the reason why we had not heard. There was also something about a delayed telegram and dealing with the offender, which I thought might have something to do with our Milltown man.

"But he will tell you all about it when he is stronger. All he needs now is rest." And as Uncle Jed followed Mr. Fuller out to the carriage, I went back into the sitting room.

It was very still there. The bustle of getting settled was over and Mother was sitting with her hand in Father's, while Janie and Nell were cuddled as close as they could get on either side. I patted the pillow for a moment, feeling it would not be suitable for a boy as big as I to keep kissing Father's hand the way Janie did, and he looked up at me and smiled.

'Such fine big boys," he said faintly,

(Please Turn to Page 16.)

A NATION ON TRIAL

(Continued from Page 7.)

in a position in which her people could fulfil their mission in blessing all nations.

Workers With God

Every mason in the quarry, every builder on the shore,
Every chopper in the palm grove, every raftsman at the oar—
Hewing wood and drawing water, splitting stones and cleaving sod—
All the dusty ranks of labor, in the regiments of God
March together toward His triumph, do the task His hands prepare;
Honest toil is holy service; faithful work is praise and prayer.

—Henry Van Dyke.

Seasons of the fruits.—"In the history of souls and nations there are seasons which even more than all others are times of fruit, when God requires such with more than usual earnestness, when it will fare ill with a soul or a nation if these be not found." (Trench)

His servants.—Prophets and teachers, many of whom had been rejected, many persecuted, some even killed.

"Now comes something very touching. . . . Because He was talking with calm sadness of what He knew would be done to Himself in a few days. Does He put Himself down as one of the servants, merely a prophet like the other prophets? No. The Son . . . Though so gentle and modest always, He never drops this claim. And He seems to say, too, 'This is God's final and greatest message. . . . God has no more now that He can do." (Paterson Smyth)

What will the lord of the vineyard do? . . . They say unto him.—Here again we see how the dramatic interest of the story led them to condemn themselves. Luke says, "When they heard it they said, God forbid." Some understood the parable, others at first did not do so. The comments would vary accordingly.

"The Chief Corner Stone"

THEN He changes the metaphor from husbandmen to builders. There is a story that when Solomon's temple was being built one great stone lay neglected. The builders went on with the building. As the work proceeded it became evident that the beautiful structure lacked symmetry, cohesion and strength. Then someone thought of the neglected stone and found that it had been intended for the "chief corner stone" that would bind the building together, the most important stone in the foundation. The Jews took it as the symbol of their nation, despised by other peoples but, in God's providence, charged with a great message to the world. (See Psalm 118:22 the "Hosanna Psalm")

Israel at its best typified Israel's Messiah, so our Lord here applies this great saying to Himself. (See Acts 4:11; Eph. 2:20. See also Isa. 8:13-15; 28:16; Rom. 9:33; 1 Peter 2:4-6) He means that though they reject Him, some day they will realize that He is the true Messiah.

The Kingdom of God shall be taken from you.—Israel rejected her Messiah and His message and the nation having shut its eyes to the light, went stumbling after its blind leaders till it fell into the pit of destruction just forty years afterwards.

Is Israel's rejection final? St. Paul was sure that it was not, (Rom. 10 and 11 and other passages) and most Christians believe with St. Paul.

Our passages in Matthew applied primarily to the Jewish nation. But they have been preserved for our warning. (Rom. 11:20-22)

All history echoes the warning. Other nations besides the Jews were entrusted with high privileges. Where they persistently neglected them, punishment inevitably followed.

"The punishment of sin is inseparably bound up with itself." (Drummond)

Our nation has been highly privileged, has been entrusted with much of the Kingdom of God, with an open Bible, with Civil and Religious Liberty, with a marvellous history, with a wonderful literature. It is for us to use these privileges aright.

What "fruits" does God expect of us? "The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, kindness, goodness, faithfulness, meekness, temperance (self control)." (Gal. 5:22, 23. R.V.)

With hearts that are naturally poor soil and in a world where there are biting winds and chilling frosts, how shall we produce these fruits? Our Lord tells us. "Abide in me and I in you . . . for without me ye can do nothing." (John 15:1-17)

"I am the way, and the truth and the life." (John 14:6)

Yes! thou art still the Life; thou art the Way
The holiest know; Light, Life, and Way of heaven!
And they who dearest hpoe and deepest pray
Toil by the light, life, way which thou hast given.

Questions

1. To what things did the temple authorities refer in their question to Jesus?
2. Tell in your own words the Parable of the Two Sons.
3. What did the Parable mean?
4. Tell in your own words the Parable of the Wicked Husbandmen.
5. What did it mean?
6. What did our Lord mean by His reference to "the stone that the builders rejected"?
7. "I am the way—". Complete the verse.

(For Answers please turn to Page 12.)

POOR MAN'S FORTUNE

Continued from Page 5.)

threateningly. "None of this nonsense. Cut out the sob-stuff. Get yourself off."

Donald went with quiet dignity.

But where exactly was he going? What was he going to do? He had no employment nor prospect of any. He had very little money. The future was black, uncertain.

The only thing that was certain was that fixed star—his love for Jean, hers for him. But love would not pay his rent or feed him.

Then, closing the gate behind him, he was smitten by a bright and, so he thought it, original idea. Perhaps the problem was not so difficult after all.

* * *

IT had come to Donald in a flash that so far as his economic state was concerned, all was not entirely lost.

His uncle would not help him, but there were others in Glasgow to whom he could turn for aid in his extremity. Jean, surely, would have influence with those who might provide him with work. Arnold M'Nair might be of service, too, in this respect.

Reaching his lodgings he at once wrote to Jean. Though it was the first love-letter he had ever penned, matters concerning bread-and-butter bulked more largely than is usual in such epistles. In effect he was asking Jean if she could find him a job.

The reply came next day by the last post. Would Donald meet her at their former rendezvous — Cranstons? Tomorrow at lunch-time would be the most suitable hour. Donald spent a restless night in the sleeplessness of anticipation.

Next day he was awaiting Jean long before the appointed time. He walked to and fro impatiently in an effort to kill the slowly-moving minutes. When she came looking as radiant as ever despite her recent experiences, he hurried towards her and greeted her heartily.

"You're looking fine," he smiled. "I've been worrying about writing that let- I ought not to have worried you while you were resting. I'm glad you're so much better now."

Jean declared that she had never been in better health in her life. "It takes a shock occasionally to keep me in form." She smiled at him in turn. "I can guess how worried you have been." Becoming serious almost at once, she added, "You mustn't lose heart, you know."

Upstairs at table, the same one as before curiously, they discussed matters over lunch. Jean handed him a packet. "The salary that was owing to you when the Shelter went West——"

"I say—really——" He made a movement of rejection. He strongly suspected that, seeing the committee had been dissolved after the catastrophe, this money had come from Jean's own resources. "I'm not worrying about that, really."

"It's due to you. You must take it," she insisted. "It'll keep you afloat for a bit—until you can get something to do. It's terrible just being pitch-forked into a place like Glasgow with nothing to do." She settled the question of his continued rejection of the money by thrusting the packet into the pocket of his jacket. Then she held up a warning finger, saying lightly, "No nonsense, now; you've got to take it. I can't have you suing us for wages due." She laughed at her own pleasantry, not only to signalize the fact that she was not in earnest, but also to revive his spirits, which obviously at the moment were not too bright.

"It isn't actual money at the moment that worries me," he told her. "I've still some left of what I had from my father. My trouble is, what about the future? I left Canada to come here because my father wished it. 'Make good,' were the words he used—'in the town of my disgrace.' I could go back and get a job tomorrow over there—but I want to try and honour his last wish if I can."

Jean nodded quickly. "I know how you feel about it. But it is difficult. Still"—she shrugged—"it isn't all over yet, though to look at your face would be to think that it is. I've made a list here—people I know well—you may use my name. Only my step-father mustn't know. It's better to let sleeping dogs lie for the present. I'm sure he'll do you all the harm he can. And—" she hesitated—"well, we've noticed it before."

Donald looked at her quickly. "You mean that he has very good reasons for wanting to see me clear of Glasgow--that he'd be glad to have me back in Canada, well out of his sight and way?"

"That's just what I do mean. There's a mystery somewhere. I often wonder if he hasn't—well, I ought not to say it—but I wonder if he hasn't been quite straight with you and your father. It's only a suspicion at present, but I mean to find out."

This they discussed for some time at length discovering that both had been nursing the growing suspicion for some time that Robert Fairbairn in his relationship to Donald had something he wished to hide, something of which he was afraid. Other matters pressed just then more heavily upon them, however.

"If I can't get a job here I'll have to go back to Canada, that's all," Donald said. "I'll have to make good there instead—but I don't want to do that—" He looked at Jean longingly. From the manner in which she returned his gaze it was evident also that she had no wish for him to travel so many miles away.

They parted after an hour, arranging to meet there next day and every day for the time being. Jean went back home, Donald began a wearying round of Glasgow offices armed with the list that Jean had provided.

Everybody was very kind, but it soon became evident that despite Jean's recommendation there was no opening for him. It was one thing to be spoken for by a girl of Jean's standing, quite another to have to admit that one had no experience in particular of modern trade. Even had one had the qualifications, it appeared that there were no vacancies.

One man promised to make him Number Fifty-six on a long waiting-list. Another said that he might have an opening at Christmas. Others said that they would write and let him know and would file his letter for reference. Several said that they were sorry, but there were no openings. Donald felt that all of them had said the same thing, despite their politeness, in the end.

Towards the close of the afternoon a man offered him a rather unpromising opening.

"If you like to try your luck at selling my new patent electric vacuum-cleaner——"

"I'm willing to try my hand at anything," Donald told him sincerely.

"You look as if you could talk to people. What I want is a man who will go round demonstrating this machine to housewives—persuade them to buy—do you think you could do that?"

"I'll have a good try."

"You'll find it difficult work. But if you've the right stuff in you you'll make good. I give two pounds commission on every machine you sell. I don't promise that you'll make a fortune. But some of my men make on an average a fiver a week, and there are opportunities of advancing later on—"

It came about, therefore, that next morning Donald set out with a heavy case containing a vacuum cleaner with the prospect of plenty of work, but no wages or travelling expenses—only a commission on sales.

He thought as he set out with a light heart, despite the heavy load, "It's no good groaning in this life: you've got to do the best you can with circumstances as you find them."

(To Be Continued.)

Passenger (to Negro porter while on train for New York): "What time do we get to New York, George?"

Porter: "We is due to get there at 1:15 unless you has set your watch by eastern time, which would make it 2:15. Then, of co'se if you is goin' by daylight saving time, it would be 3:15. unless, we is an hour an' fifty minutes late—which we is."

DEAR CHUMS,

I am glad to see two "letters to pen pals" this week. One of them is in answer to a letter last week specially for the chum who is writing, the other is a friendly "first move" towards becoming pen-friends. It is really the writing back and forth that makes this Page so interesting. The reader can follow from week to week and get to feel that he or she knows the different writers and has a part in their experiences. "I wonder who we'll hear from this time?" must be what lots of people say when they pick up the Messenger. So keep it up, Chums; there is a big circle of friendly admirers taking an interest in your letters week by week.

YOUR LOVING AUNT RUTH.

* * *

To Marion Althouse from Jean Hird

Dear Marion,—I was very pleased to hear from you through the Northern Messenger.

First of all I hope you had a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. I am not much of a book-worm, but I do study. But that is school work. When I do read, I like L. M. Alcott's books.

We have started back to school, and I passed at Christmas, did you? I hope you did, or do you go to school? We had a concert at Christmas and I was in it. It turned out very well, all the little kiddies sang, and they were very cute.

We only have one pet and it is a dog. We call him "Sunshine." My brother and I got him for Christmas. He is only 9 months old, so he is only a pup. I am sure Bantam hens are very nice. What color are they?

I write to three other girls. One lives in Ottawa and the others Buckingham and Rockland; they are all my age.

Well, I will close. Write again soon. I remain, your pen-pal, — Jean Hird, Que.

———: (O) :———

Dear Aunt Ruth and Chums,—As I had not written to your page for some time, I thought I would write again. This is my third letter.

I was fifteen years old on December 6. Have I a twin? If so, please write.

Christmas is past again and 1940 has come. I wish you all a Happy New Year, although by the time this letter is printed that expression will be rather out of date.

I am not going to school this year. Three brothers and one sister are going so there will be two sisters at Easter as another sister is starting then.

For pets we have a dog named Buster. He is part police dog and quite playful. Also we have three cats.

I have four brothers and four sisters. Their names are Donald, Alice, Lawrence, Gordon, Douglas, Grace, Jean, and Dorothy. I come in between Alice and Lawrence.

I go to Sunday School and Church nearly every Sunday twice. I guess my letter is getting long so I will stop now. Please write me. A Chum,—Marion Eyre, Ont.

P.S.—A short time ago a letter was published written by a girl who said she would be 15 years old on December 7. I wish she would please write me as she is almost my twin. My paper was misplaced and I don't know her name.—M. E.

———: (O) :———

Dear Aunt Ruth and Chums,—I haven't written to your page for quite a while, so I thought I'd write now. I have just come home from Sunday School. This year we are holding our Sunday School in the morning. I hope you all had a very Merry Christmas and Happy New Year. Where I live there has been quite a lot of snow. I have been skating and sleigh-riding. There are some very good hills for sleigh-riding and I have just got a new sleigh. I hope that some chums of my own age will write to me, especially those living in the country. I will say good-bye till I write again. Your loving chum,—Helen Miller, Ont.

* *

This Week's Star Correspondent

NORMA WRIGHT

Honorable Mention

Jean Hird, Helen Miller

To Marion Ronalds from Helen Miller

Dear Marion,—I saw your letter in the Mail Bag last week. Welcome to the Chums Mail Bag.

You mentioned that you lived on a farm. I live in the city. What kind of a farm do you live on? Have you any pets? We had a cat but we haven't got him any more. How many children go to your school? We have a very large school with over 1,000 children. What is your favorite subject? Mine is domestic science. Are there many hills where you live? Do you ever go sleigh-riding? We have a skating rink at our school. What did you get for Christmas? I got a watch, a diary, gloves and heaps more things. What is your hobby? Mine is horseback riding and swimming. Our school goes swimming every Friday at one of the high schools. I am going to learn life-saving. Can you swim? As my letter is getting long, I will close and say good-bye. Hoping to hear from you soon. Your new chum,—Helen Miller, Ont.

———: (O) :———

Dear Aunt Ruth,—This is my first letter to this page. I like our Chums' Mail Bag very much. I am four feet five and a half. I am nine years old and my birthday is September 20. I have blue eyes, and brown curly hair. I weight sixty-seven pounds. Have I a twin? If so I hpoe she (or he) will write soon. I must close. A new chum, —Dollie Ritchie, Ont.

Ans.—Good for you, Dollie.—A. R.

———: (O) :———

Dear Aunt Ruth and Chums,—This is my second letter to the Mail Bag, though it seems as I wrote the first one ages ago.

I do love to read the letters, and I'd like to have a pen-pal.

My favourite sports are swimming and skating. Reading is my hobby. My favourite books are, "Mistress Pat", by L. M. Montgomery, and all the "Polly-anna" books.

I'm so glad that winter is here, because I love to be outdoors. I'm very lucky to have a skating rink so near, its only two blocks away, but I haven't been skating much lately.

We have a large willow tree right beside our house and there are pussy willows on it! There were some there in December, too.

I take music lessons, and am in the third grade. I took the examination last year and got 92 out of a 100 for it. I love music, though I must confess I don't do nearly enough practising.

My supply of news seems to be nearly exhausted, so I had better stop.

Wishing all of you a happy and prosperous New Year.—Norma Jean Wright, Alta.

Ans. Thank you, Norma.—A. R.

The Wicked Echo

Walter K. Putney

(For the Messenger.)

WOULD you ever think that a little echo could upset a kingdom? Well, according to an old legend, one did and it was in this way—

There once lived a king who was very conceited. He boasted about everything that he accomplished and claimed that he was the most important person in the entire world. With him to support anything, it would be a wonderful success; without his support, failure would be certain. That was what he thought and nobody dared to dispute him because he was such a powerful ruler.

This king ordered his gardeners to construct, for him, the most wonderful garden in the world, one in which would grow the most luxurious trees, the sturdiest plants and fruit of exceptional flavor. In that garden he ordered a great lake to be built, with great cliffs at one end so that he might sit there and see all of his gardens from one spot.

When the gardens were completed, the king made a tour of inspection. The trees looked satisfactory, the plants were indeed sturdy and the fruits were of exceptional flavor; but something was lacking. Ah! There were no fish in the pond, so the king ordered the ships of his kingdom to go to the four quarters of the world and to bring back the most beautiful fish known to man.

When the fish had been brought to the lake and fountains had been put into place so that the fish might play around them, the king again went to look at his new possessions. Proud indeed was he as he said to his courtiers, 'My trees—the best in the world! My sturdy plants—the best in the world! My fish! Best in the world!"

As he said the last, he stood at the far end of the lake, opposite the great cliffs he had ordered built there and, to the king's surprise from those cliffs came a deep, rolling voice which said in scornful tones—"My fish! Best in the world!"

The king, looking angrily toward the cliffs, roared, "Who says they are not my fish, scoundrel!" And the same, deep, rolling voice answered, "My fish, scoundrel!"

* * *

WELL, well! Here was a pretty mess to be settled! To call the king a scoundrel was heaping insult upon injury. The king jumped up and down in his wrath and gave so many orders that not half of them could have been carried out if there had been an army of men at his back. But some of the king's attendants, keeping cooler heads, immediately ran around the cliffs to see if they could find the person who said those fish belonged to him and who also called the king a scoundrel. They hunted for a long time and finally brought before the king two men, one a strong, healthy woodsman, and the other a small, punny-looking chap who was round-shouldered and wore tattered clothing.

"Well, well!" exclaimed the king. "Two marauders, hey? Man! What

have you to say in defence of yourself?" He spoke first to the strong, healthy woodsman, and the latter replied, as he folded his arms quietly and looked the king squarely in the face,

"Your attendants, who brought me here, say that I called you a scoundrel. Well, I have not been within an hour's walk of here for more than a month, but let me say that if I ever decide to call you a scoundrel, I'll do so to your face and not from yonder cliffs. So what next?"

The king, like most persons of great conceit, did not care to argue with such a strong, healthy person, and simply scowled as he dismissed him, saying, "His is not the voice of the one who insulted me: give him his freedom!"

Then the second captive was brought before the king. He was indeed small and very weak in appearance and his clothes were almost those of a beggar. Here was a man whom the king could browbeat—or at least it seemed as if he might easily do so, and, to save his dignity, the king must wreak vengeance upon somebody. So the attendants roughly handled this poor, weak man and literally flung him at the king's feet.

"So you are the one, hey? Well, a good whipping is what you deserve and it is what you will get for calling—me—a—SCOUNDREL!"

The king roared that last word, as he raised a stout stick to beat the hapless captive across the shoulders, but the blow was never struck, for immediately, from the cliffs came an answering roar—

——"*SCOUNDREL!*"

"What!" exclaimed the king. "Does that—that—er—er—"

He was so angry that he couldn't speak and so once more the king's attendants started to surround the cliffs. But the weak captive stopped them as he said, very quietly, "Nobody can catch Echo."

"Echo? Echo!" queried the king, in amazement. "Do you mean to say that nobody can catch the one who just called from the cliffs? Come, man, speak up. Who is Echo? Call the Privy Council! We'll see about that!"

And before that weak appearing man, who was really a great scientist on a search for rare plants, could reply, the king strode away muttering to himself that not even that Echo could defy his authority. And it took many weeks of counselling and seting traps for that elusive Echo to prove that she could not be caught. Finally, this same weak appearing man with the round shoulders, asked—

"Why not flatter Echo? Perhaps she will compliment you instead of calling you insulting names."

* * *

YOU see, when those privy counsellors had tried to trap Echo, they called out many names that they thought might cause Echo to become provoked and come out into the open where men, hidden, might rush out and effect a capture. But, as you know, Echo always calls back just what is called to her and this did not please the king at all. So, after listening to the weak-appearing man, he called, as he faced the cliffs,

"You are wonderful, and I like you very much!"

And back came Echo's voice—"Wonderful——like you very much!"

That satisfied the conceited king and he left in good spirits as he declared that he had made Echo acknowledge his greatness.

And so the story is told, to show that Echo is really a reflection of our own selves and we receive back only what we first send out for her to hear. Not only that, but Life itself is nothing but an echo—the return to us of what we put forth to make Life better for all around us.

Teacher (to class): In this stanza what is meant by the line, "The shades of night were falling fast?"

Bright Scholar: The people were puling down the blinds.

WHITE BOY

(Continued from Page 1.)

the boats. The way it's anchored it's going to be a tough job."

"We don't need any help, but I'll ask him," consented Tom; "we'll meet you here tomorrow evening. Good-night, *pale face* white boy."

"Good-night, Tom."

Though the weather seemed uncertain, Fred Huxley was there, with the skiff in readiness, at the appointed time. Tom came, but alone. "Father is not very well," he explained; "and he says that two huskies like us ought to be ashamed to ask help."

"That's bad," said Fred, discouraged. "Well, maybe dad'll be home tomorrow, and I can wait one more day."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the young Indian. "I'll wade right in there, loosen that seine and drag it out. Me, I'll go right in—and without any of your prayers!"

"Hold on!" cried Fred. "If you *must* do it, I'll go with you, and we'll use the boat."

"Suit yourself, then," laughed Tom—"it's no job anyway."

Hardly had they reached the place of the seine's chief anchorage, when a clumsy movement by Tom upset the boat! Fred suspected that the Indian had done it purposely, but knew that this was no time for quarrelling. The water was almost up to their armpits, and was very cold. Fred pushed the boat aside, saying, "Let's work fast."

Tom was going toward the other end of the net and for a few moments Fred, also busy, lost sight of him. When he looked again he saw the Indian boy's head bobbing up and down in the water, an expression of fear and pain on his face.

"Devilfish!" screamed Tom, struggling with all his strength toward the shore and slashing with his knife. As Fred plunged toward his unfortunate companion he saw that the knife was in Tom's left hand and suspected the truth—one of the octopus' tentacles had encircled his body and pinioned the right arm at the side.

The devilfish had become badly entangled in the seine, and in its efforts to hold its captive had torn the net loose and liberated the fish; but this was a fortunate occurrence for the boys, since the additional weight of the fish would have been too great for even Fred's wonderful strength to haul to shore.

Throwing a section of the seine over his shoulders, the white boy pulled with all his power. He was none too soon in getting at it either, for in another moment the octopus would have succeeded in dragging Tom to deep water. And the second the devilfish reached a rock or sunken log, where he could anchor himself, the victory would be his.

Slowly but surely Fred dragged Tom, the octopus and the net shoreward. His muscles ached and the blood pounded in his head; it seemed like trying to pull down a house!

Then a look over his shoulder showed Fred that Tom was strangling. That constricting arm of the octopus must be removed immediately. The rescuer dropped the net and attacked the tentacle. He thanked God for his strong arms, as slowly but determinedly he pulled the cold, slimy thing from the Indian boy's chest. Fortunately, the beast's beak was entangled in the mesh and was useless to it in the fight.

A smaller tentacle was fastening on Fred's left wrist, and now he had to fight for his own freedom. Though another of the beast's eight arms had fastened around Tom's hips, the Indian's chest and arms were now free, and as he drew in deep breaths of air he plied the knife with desperate strength and speed. Most of the blows glanced, but some were effective, and the octopus was weakening.

But even so, Tom was again being drawn into deep water, and Fred, the instant he got his wrist free, attacked the monster with renewed determination; that tentacle must be torn from the Indian's hips.

Tom was too much exhausted now to speak, but he signalled for his friend to leave him. Fred interpreted his gestures and the mumbling as "Save yourself, I am lost."

"Keep fighting, pal; we're winning!" answered the white boy. "When I get this tentacle a few inches from your body, plunge the knife in the tender under side. Just try to keep your balance and I'll do the fighting. Don't go under."

Then with all the strength of his brawny arms, Fred bent and pulled at the last tentacle that held Tom. Blood oozed from the white boy's nostrils. He felt that his eyes were starting from his head, and he closed them in the agony of the fearful strain.

Very slowly the octopus relented, the tentacle was relaxing. Fred could not speak; he tried to say "Now", but no sound came from his lips. But Tom was ready; even as he staggered, he summoned all that was left of his strength and plunged the blade into the under side of the tentacle. Then he fainted and would have drowned, after all, had not Fred sustained him.

Somehow they got to the shore, where they lay utterly exhausted. Tom was the first finally to speak. Patting Fred on the shoulder, he said:

(Please turn to Page 16.)

ANSWERS TO YOUNG PEOPLE'S BIBLE READING

1. His cleansing the temple and teaching and healing in it.
2. Matthew 21: 28-31.
3. That those who were proud of their goodness rejected the message of John while those who knew that they were wicked repented and tried to live a good life.
4. Matthew 21: 33-39.
5. That the people of Israel had been given great privileges. But they rejected the prophets and last of all their Messiah Himself.
6. That though they rejected Him He was the true Messiah and that they would realize that some day.
7. John 14: 6.

Northern Messenger

A 16-Page Sunday Magazine
Published Weekly

A Christian Service for the Whole Family of the Sunday School Scholar

INTERDENOMINATIONAL

See further description elsewhere

To Home Addresses

Prepaid—by the Year—

Single Subscriptions ..... 80 cts.

CLUB rates to separate addresses
3 or more at 70 cts. each.
6 or more at 65 cts. each.

REDUCED PREPAID RATES

To Sunday Schools

6 or more to one address at 50c. each.

(or on yearly contract payable quarterly, 13c per quarter.)

ABOUT POSTAGE

Above rates include postage throughout Br. Empire (*except as below*).

EXTRA POSTAGE: For **Greater Montreal** (city of publication), **Australia** and oversea foreign countries 50 cts extra for single subscriptions.

For **U.S.A.** and **Philippines** 25 cts extra.

S. S. packages to such addresses by arrangement.

SUNDAY SCHOOLS PLEASE NOTE

If the bundle is to be sent to a new address, please state both old and new. The bundle should always go in the name of the official *most permanently interested*, though it may be addressed to him in C/o someone more convenient to S.S. or P.O.

Our Remarkable Introductory Offer

would interest some S. S. friend of yours who may not know what the Messenger is like today. It will be sent on request.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers,
P.O. Box 3070, Place d'Armes,
Montreal, Quebec.

Keep your WITS WORKING

MORE OLD RIDDLES

1. Translate YYURYYUBICURYYFOR-ME.
2. Why are live fish and fish alive not the same thing?
3. A lady in a red cloak was crossing a field where a goat was feeding. What strange transformation did they undergo?
4. When is a man thinner than a lath?
5. Who was the first sailor to supply his ships with salt provisions?
6. Why should a fly be a good recruit for a tall regiment?

SCRAMBLED CITIES

LISFEGONSRH, MOCKLOTSH, LSOO, NEGHAPNECO, SELBURSS, ETHEUGHA.

GAMES

Witch

One player chosen who tags another; they join hands. Each player tagged holds hand till only one left.

Witch's Tag

Two players are witches, they go out and tag others. Every one tagged is turned into a statue and must stand quite still. Players not tagged may release statues by touching them without themselves being tagged by "witches."

SHIPPING IN THE BIBLE

1. Who built a navy on the Red Sea?
2. Whose shipmen "had knowledge of the sea"?
3. What maritime city is described as if it were a great ship and its destruction as a shipwreck?
4. Who sailed from Joppa in a ship bound for Tarshish?
5. Who likens ships carrying exiles home to doves flying toward dovecotes?
6. Who boarded "a ship of Alexandria sailing into Italy?"

STILL MORE BIBLE TREES

1. "I have dried up the — tree and caused the — tree to flourish." Fill in spaces and say where text is found.
2. What trees grew round Jericho?
3. Upon what trees did the exiled Jews hang their harps?
4. What small seed produced a tree?
5. Where do we read about trees clapping their hands?
6. What tree did John see in the Holy City?
7. "And the leaves of the tree were for—." Complete the sentence.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

Rhyming Riddle—Frost and Snow.

More Old Riddles—1. No-i-se. 2 One longs to eat while the other eats too long. 3. When its at high (eye) water. 4. Because you can get soles and eels (heels) there. 5. St-one. 6. A secret.

Hidden Animals.—1. Unicorn, cat, beaver. 2. Caribou, rabbit, horse. 3. Pig, goat, bear. 4. Cow, steer, dog. 5. Ferret, mole, hare. 6. Lamb, seal, bison. 7. Taper, marten, rat. 8. Camel, kitten, pony.—Our Dumb Animals.

Gasps and Giggles

His Luck

Burglar (being led to the cells)—"Just my luck. To think I spent six months making friends with the dog and get through the window and step on the cat."

At a club in Hollywood, the other night, a young author was introduced to an Eastern movie critic, who was in the movie town on vacation. The writer's first picture had just been shown on Broadway, and he immediately asked the critic what his opinion was.

"It was refreshing," returned the critic. "Very refreshing."

"Say, that's swell," beamed the young author. "Did you really find it so refreshing?"

"Absolutely," was the reply. "I felt like a new man when I woke up!"

An Arctic explorer records that he actually found an alarm clock in the possession of an Eskimo. How wonderful it must be to turn in, say, in October, and set the alarm for about April.

A little girl came home from school and said: "Daddy, my teacher told us the world is round."

"That's right, dear," said the father.

"Well, daddy, if the world is round," she asked, "why do people say they go to the far corners of the earth?"

"He's a finished musician, don't you think?"

"I hoped so, but I'm afraid he's going to play again."

"THE KING!"

HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE VI has intimated that the loyal toast, "The King", may be honored by members of H. M. Forces and by all patriotic citizens with equal acceptance in water or other non-alcoholic beverage.

In this he has followed the example of his great-grandmother, Queen Victoria and,—if we do not mistake,—of his grandfather King Edward VII and his father King George V.

Many members of H. M. Forces have for years been accustomed to honor "The King" in non-intoxicants. It is said that sixty per cent of the soldiers in Britain's regular army are members of the Christian Temperance Union. The proportion in the Navy and Air Force must be as great. Experience has taught that the total abstainer is the fitter man in every way. "Give me a teetotal army," said Lord Roberts, "and I will lead it anywhere."

When the Army Temperance Association had less than 10,000 members, "Bobs" said that "it has been equal to the addition of two battalions to the effective strength of the army in India."

Lord Charles Beresford said, "I drink no wine, spirits or beer . . . because I am more ready for any work imposed upon me, day or night, always fresh, always cheery, and in good temper."

Lord Jellicoe said, "Any officer holding a command which carries with it any measure of responsibility for the defence of the Empire must recognize, as I do, the value of temperance in promoting fighting efficiency."

We will be fitter to serve the King when we avoid intoxicants. So we sing the old song with a new spirit,

Here's a health unto his majestie,
With fa, la, la;
Conversion to his enemies
With fa, la, la;
And he that will not pledge his health,
I wish him neither wit nor wealth
With a fa, la, la, la, la.

A farmer was trying to fill out a claim sheet for damages inflicted by the railway. His cow had been killed, and he so entered it upon the blank. All went well until he came to the question: Disposition of the carcass? He puzzled for a time, then filled in: "Kind and gentle."

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

5c Per Word (minimum $1.00). Six consecutive insertions without change 4c per word per insertion.

LITERARY

Manuscripts, Etc., Typed, 25c Per Thousand words. E. STAFFORD, 3407 Durocher St., Apt. 3, Montreal. (Tel.: HA 5822

PATENTS

An offer to every inventor. List of inventions and full information sent free. The Ramsay Company, World Patent Attorneys. 273 Bank Street, Ottawa, Canada.

"A Touch of Lemon"

A TOUCH of lemon juice works wonders with vegetables—as it does with oysters or shad. Natural flavors are enhanced and hidden flavors developed. Here are three recipes for your permanent file:

Harvard Beets

½ cup sugar, mixed with
½ tablespoon cornstarch
3 to 4 tablespoons lemon juice
2 tablespoons salad oil or melted butter
¼ cup water

Mix well and boil 5 minutes. Add:
12 small beets, cooked and cut in cubes (about 2½ cups)
Let stand over low heat 20 minutes.
Serves 4-6.

Lemon Celery Victor

1 bunch celery, tender portions, or 3 celery hearts.

Cut into desired lengths (1 to 4 inches). Parboil in salted water 10 minutes. Drain. Cook 10 to 15 minutes longer in broth made by combining:

1 pint beef broth or consomme
1 teaspoon celery seed
6 pepper corns
4 tiny, dry red peppers
1 teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon sugar
1 large or 2 small Sunkist lemons, cut in thin slices
¼ cup minced pimento

Marinate until cold. Drain off liquid, retaining spices and lemon slices. Serve as an appetizer or a meat accompaniment.

Lemon Buttered Cabbage

¼ cup melted butter
2 tablespoons lemon juice
Blend. Pour this over:
Small head of cabbage, which has been cut in eighths and boiled for 10 minutes.
Serves 4.

Lemon Soured Milk

Sweet milk soured with lemon juice, may be used exactly like buttermilk in any baking soda recipe. Place 1½ tablespoons lemon juice in measuring cup. Fill with fresh, sweet milk.

THE FAMILY PURSE

By LUCIA MALLORY

IF I were a mother, I would talk over the family's money problems with my sons and daughters. I would not let them think that their father's moderate salary constituted an inexhaustible source of supplies, until the day came when they had to be told that there was not money enough to send them to college.

My work in the children's room at the library has given me many friends among the boys and girls of our city. Often they bring their problems to me long after they have outgrown my department.

Kathleen Kenworthy came in to see me the other evening, just as I was ready to close the library. Something in her troubled exuression made me linger to talk to her.

"Miss Lucia, I can't go to college! Mother just told me about it this morning. You know I've always expected to go to college. I didn't know Father's salary had been cut or that we've needed to help my grandparents lately. If I'd known all that I wouldn't have wanted an expensive new formal for the Junior Prom, and I'd rather have had the money than the watch my folks gave me as a Commencement gift, but they wanted me to have everything the other girls had."

I could see that Kathleen was torn between loyalty to her parents and a sense of the injustice of having been kept so long in ignorance regarding their financial situation.

"How about earning your own way through college, Kathleen?" I asked.

"I know you did that, Miss Lucia," my young friend answered, "but you had a scholarship. I would have applied for the Midwest Scholarship if I'd known I needed it. The student who received it had lower grades and a poorer record in activities than I had."

I could only suggest to Kathleen that she might be able to find work at which she could earn enough to begin college in another year. Then she could probably secure employment at the school to supplement her savings. Of her parents' lack of frankness about money I could say nothing.

When Marian Hartman was celebrating her fourteenth birthday, her parents told her she might select as a gift either a wrist watch or a bicycle, though they could scarcely afford either. Like Kathleen's parents, they wanted their daughter to have everything the other girls had. Marian chose the watch, confiding to her friends that she had made that choice because she knew she would get the bicycle, anyway. She would need it to ride the twenty blocks from her home to the high school, which she was soon to enter.

A fourteen-year-old girl should realize that expensive wrist watches and bicycles cannot be provided in a home such as hers without sacrificing something else, but this cannot be expected when the parents are living up to the creed that I once heard Marian's mother express: "We do not want our children to be worried about financial matters. They'll have problems enough later. Youth should be free from care!"

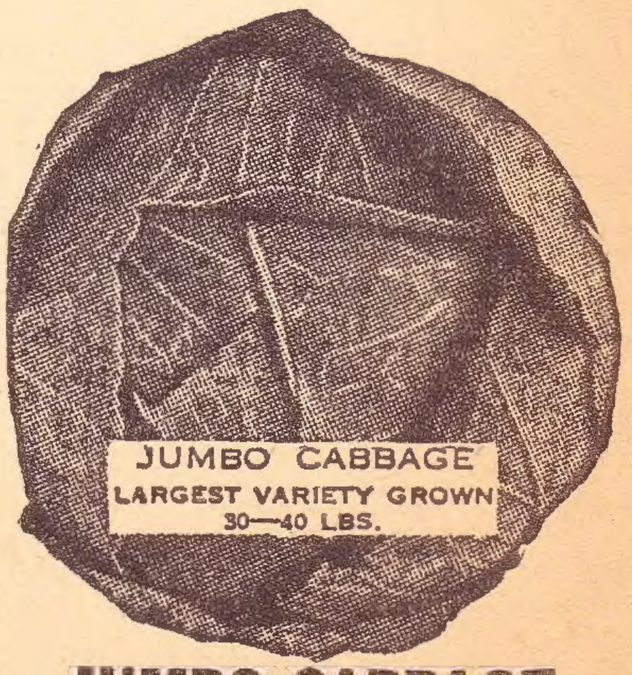
How much better to prepare children for the money problems of maturity by taking them into partnership while they are growing up than to set them adrift, later on, with no experience in the earning or the saving or the spending of money to guide them!

Several of my young friends are making regular contributions to college funds which were started, in some form, by their parents, long before the boys and girls were old enough to go to kindergarten. They will not be disappointed, as Kahtleen Kenworthy was, and as Marian Hartman surely will be, when the time comes for college.

(Issued by the National Kindergarten Association, 8 West 40th St., New York City.)

When it is necessary to make sandwiches several hours before they are to be used, they may be wrapped in paraffin paper or a slightly dampened cloth or placed in a stone jar.

To remove fresh ink stains in carpet use a cloth which has been wrung out in milk or buttermilk, rubbing until the stain disappears.



JUMBO CABBAGE

Largest Cabbage grown, some weighing 30 and some even 40 lbs. Unsurpassed for Kraut and table use. Very interesting to watch these monsters develop. Our sales of Jumbo Cabbage last season exceeded all others. Pkt. 12c; oz. 55c; postage 3c.

FREE — OUR BIG 1940 SEED AND NURSERY BOOK — *Better Than Ever*

DOMINION SEED HOUSE, GEORGETOWN, ONT.

Northern Messenger

FEBRUARY 2, 1940.

"HOW LONG, O LORD?"

"WHY does not God stop the war?" The question is being asked by hundreds, indeed by thousands, of people today. We read of the sufferings, both of the armies and civilians in Finland, of ships sunk and of hundreds drowned, of populations, both in allied and enemy countries, lacking necessities of life, and living under dire apprehension for the future. "Why does not God intervene and stop the war?"

The question is a big one. But it is only part of one much bigger. The War is only part,—a comparatively small part—of human suffering. We are aware of it because it is "featured" in the newspapers, on the screen news and the radio, while the daily tragedy of the world is for the most part unrecorded.

"In His own Image"

THE question then is, "Why does not God 'intervene' and give us a new world where there would be no pain or suffering?"

Well, for one thing we must remember that God gave us conscience and free will. It was, if we may say so, a tremendous and perilous experiment. But it was the only way in which God could make us "in His own image." Without the power of choice between right and wrong we could not have been sons and daughters of God with whom He could have had communion. We would have been mere machines. (It may also be pointed out that, given the same chance of a beautiful new world such as Adam and Eve had, even we might not do any better than they. After all, nations are made up of individuals.)

——God whose pleasure brought
Man into being, stands away
As it were a handbreadth off, to give
Room for the newly made to live,
And look at Him from a place apart,
And use His gifts of brain and heart,
Given, indeed. but to keep for ever.

(Browning)

* * *

It is the tremendous responsibility of man whether he shall use "these gifts of brain and heart" as God intended that they should be used or whether he shall use them selfishly. It is man's wrong choosing that brings evil and suffering to the world.

And still we love the evil cause,
And of the just effect complain,
We tread upon life's broken laws,
And murmur at our self-inflicted pain.

(Whittier)

* * *

IN the earlier revelation to the Hebrew people material happiness and prosperity, individual and national, were bound up with obedience to God's Law. "All these blessings shall come upon thee and overtake thee, if thou shalt hearken unto the voice of the Lord thy God." On the other hand, disobedience had as its fruit material calamity, inevitable and terrible.

It was the highest truth that the Hebrews at that stage were capable of receiving. And of course it is still generally true. But the Hebrews found that it didn't always "work out." The innocent suffered as well as the guilty —sometimes even more than the guilty. This is the whole problem of the Book of Job. (But Job could get no answer as long as he sought to justify himself and to treat God as his equal.) One great thing we can learn from the Scriptures is that God honors those who feel driven to ask questions, whose human hearts cry out, "Wherefore hidest thou thy face? . . . O God . . . show thyself. . . . How long O Lord . . . how long?" And who earnestly and humbly wait on God for the answer.

To those who question honestly there comes an answer. The Psalmist saw that it was "good for him that he had been in trouble." Job said, "I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear; but now mine eye seeth thee."

This was the way with Israel and with its prophets. The darker the night, the brighter shone "the exceeding great and precious promises" that have ever since been the beacon lights of the world.

Many have had a like experience. Trouble, sickness, bereavement have overtaken them. For a while it seemed as if all light was shut out forever from their souls. But when with God's help they tried to adjust themselves to the experience they found that it gave them sympathy and power to help others who were in trouble. They had "learned obedience from the things which they suffered" and new paths of service were opened to them.

"In all their afflictions"

AND the greatest discovery of all was that God was suffering with His people. "In all their afflictions he was afflicted." . . . "Surely he hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows." In the seven-times-heated furnace there was "One with them whose form was like the Son of God."

This truth dimly seen toward the end of the older dispensation, is the great revelation of the New Testament. God is with the world in its sore trouble. He is the Celestial Surgeon doing the very best He can with this poor, sick, unhappy, sin-stricken world.

The answer to the question "Why does not God intervene?" is that in the truest sense He is always "intervening" "coming between", trying to shield us from the worst consequence of our wrong-doings and short-comings so that the heaviest stroke falls on His heart.

(Owing to the lack of space we are unable to cover this important subject as thoroughly as we would have wished. However we propose to discuss it further in following issues.—The Editors).

More Essential

We all are blind until we see
That in the human plan,
Nothing is worth the making if
It doesn't make the man.
Why build these cities glorious,
If man unbuilded goes?
In vain we build the world, unless
The builder also grows.

—Edwin Markham.

Grow Your Own Orange Blossoms

DID you know that by caring for orange pips they can be persuaded to grow up and produce clusters of delicate flowers and pretty green leaves? There are few plants more capable of adding beauty to a room than a miniature orange tree.

To grow an orange tree successfully so that flowers and foliage will ultimately appear it is essential that you know how to plant the pips properly. Here is the secret. Collect as many orange pips as you possibly can—you cannot have too many—and soak them for eight or nine days, changing the water every other day.

Fill several flower pots with light, sifted soil, to which has been added a little manure. Place the soaked and swollen pips into the pots, crowding in as many as possible. It is this crowding together that forces the plant and makes it grow.

Keep them from Draughts

PLACE the pots in a warm room free from draughts and where they will receive the full benefit of the sun. Of course, if you have a greenhouse in which the plants may be grown so much the better.

Frost is fatal to orange trees. When there is likely to be frost the plants must be protected with a "nightcap" made from newspaper, so that they will not perish. Keep the soil in the pots moist but not wet, and use lukewarm water in cold weather.

If you desire the utmost decorative value from your little orange grove plant the pips in pottery flower-pots. These can be bought quite cheaply in a variety of attractive colors.

Gesture to Bride

AFTER the first year the orange tree will begin to blossom and you will be able to present a gift of orange blossoms to any friend who is getting married.

A great point in the orange tree's favor is that it remains green all the year round. During summer it is a mass of flowers; in winter it is bright with thick, green leaves.

Quite an amusing idea is to secure a very ripe orange and cut a hole in the rind about two inches in diameter. Then through the opening work out all the flesh, pips, etc. Select the largest of the pips and retain this for the seed of the baby tree. Now fill the skin of the orange with a mixture of vegetable fibre and chopped moss, soil, and a few lumps of charcoal. Into this place the pips you have decided to grow.

A Freak Orange

SUPPORT the orange skin in a cup or tumbler and keep it in a warm room. If the soil is kept moist the pip will very soon develop into a tiny plant. Later on it will try to force its roots through the rind (which does not decay), and when this happens the tips should be cut off.

After several leaves have developed get some clear, colorless varnish and paint over the outside of the rind, all except one small area on the underside, where the rind is cut right away.

The varnish preserves the bright color of the rind, and it is most curious and interesting to observe the little tree growing out of what appears to be an orange.—Montreal Daily Star.

"I Care" Say Messenger Readers

SINCE the earliest days when that adventurous hero, Sir Wilfred Grenfell, began his work in Labrador the editors and readers of the Messenger have taken their share in this intensely worthwhile job.

Contributors to the "I Care" Fund raised money for a boat, "The Northern Messenger" which plied along the rugged coast-line, bringing medical and spiritual aid to those in need. Often the beloved Dr. himself was at the helm.

Today the successor of that first launch, still "Northern Messenger" is doing its work. Many a time it helps to defeat Death. Always it is defending a frontier of civilization in a land where the barest necessities are hard to obtain.

Readers of the Messenger who "care" contribute regularly toward the upkeep of this gallant little boat and the assistance of her crew. All contributions are acknowledged in the I Care Column.

Send in yours today.

* * *

I CARE

GRENFELL LABRADOR MEDICAL MISSION

NORTHERN MESSENGER LAUNCH FUND

Contributions previously acknowledged and forwarded to Official Treasurer		$178.70
Further Contributions	$74.30	
Miss Isabella Taylor, Ont. ...	1.70	
Mrs. C. J. MacKenzie, N.S. ..	1.00	
Mrs. C. F. Burpee, N.B.	1.90	
Mrs. M. McCrae, Alta.	.20	
Mrs. H. Bolton, Ont.	.20	
Bessie Gordon, Man.	1.20	80.50
Total		$259.20

Canadian Christian Dollars for China

Previously acknowledged & forwarded to Official Treasurer	$459.48
Further Contributions	136.19
Total	$595.67

FINDING OF LOST MINE

(Continued from Page 8.)

and his voice was so weak I could hardly stand it.

"Have you told him?" I asked Mother, trying to think of something that would take the chokiness out of my throat.

"I've told him we were all well and comfortable," answered Mother gently. "By and by, when he is rested, you and Pete can tell him of any little adventures you may have had."

Then I knew that Father was too sick even for good news. But "little adventure"! What a way to speak of all that had happened! I went out to see what Pete would think of such a thing, and found him putting on his overshoes before the fire. His coat and cap lay over the back of the chair.

"They got him here in spite of that rascally operator," he muttered between his teeth. "But the more I think of that fellow the more I think that a good licking is the best thing in the world that could happen to him."

"Perhaps," 'I said doubtfully, "Still, Father got here just the same, so what's the difference now?"

Pete studied over this for a minute without answering and the snap of the fire and the tick of the clock were the only sounds in the big room.

"I suppose you are right," his words came slowly. "Now that Father is here there is nothing else that really matters at all."

And as we stood there looking into the fire for a long time, I am sure we were thinking of the same thing.

What did we care now for the troubles we had met, the hardships safely passed, the dangers and anxieties which had melted away? None of these mattered at all to us now that we had Father safe at home once more.

* * *

You will be glad to know that Father recovered from his illness. Mr. Fuller found means to teach our fake "creditors" that they couldn't play tricks with honest people, so we had no further trouble with them. Years have passed, but still we often talk over our adventures with the Lost Mine.

WHITE BOY

(Continued from Page 12.)

"You saved my life; Skookum, Hyas Skookum—you. I made a big mistake in you, Hyas Skookum!"

Fred grinned. He knew enough of the Indian jargon to appreciate that he was receiving the greatest compliment an Indian knows for a white man. Tom was calling him a big chief, strong, brave and noble. There would never be any more envy and argument now, Fred knew; Tom had accepted the white boy and the white boy's beliefs.